

the private secretary of Judge Warner. He is to be here in a few days, and the government district judges who were on the bench with you and himself twenty years ago, before he became governor, are to give him a banquet. I came on in advance of him. He expressed a special wish that you, his oldest friend, should be at the banquet. I deliver to you the invitation as an honored guest and his letter to you."

Lift up thine honored head, upright and noble jurist of the past—though threadbare in attire at the present! It was marvelous, it was pathetic, and yet it was awe-inspiring as that bent form came erect, as the old fire of genius and pride illumined the faded eyes. For a moment the judge seemed electrified. Once more in imagination he was a man among men. In fancy he saw himself a member of that splendid coterie on the bench who had received the highest honors in national jurisprudence. Then the flashing eyes dimmed as they fell to the darned gloves, to the patched footwear and the shining clothes. With a quiver of the lip the words came slowly:

"I thank you, sir, but I have retired from all judicial and social functions."

"Father—no—!" The fair girl placed a loving hand on the old man's arm. "Sir," to the messenger, "my father accepts your kind invitation with pleasure."

Percival Ward bowed as though to some honored Lear and his loyal Cordelia. The dignity,

the pathos, the infinite pity of the occasion appealed to every noble instinct in his generous nature.

"What have you done, my child," remonstrated Judge Folsom in an agitated tone. "I cannot shame myself by appearing among my old friends in our present unfortunate conditions," and tears of humiliation sprang to the eyes of the speaker.

But Marcia led him gently into the house and to the three bare but neat rooms they occupied. She aroused his pride and interest in a function where he belonged by right of his record and past usefulness.

She hid from him the fact that the hiring of a dress suit took all her little surplus cash. Poor child! She had never told him how really small were her brave earnings as attendant in a suite of physicians' offices. She hid from him the sparse larder, saving for the grand occasion, and all the time smiling and cheerful as though they were living in a palace.

It warmed the heart of the old judge, that first hour at the banquet, where cherished friends he had not seen for years vied with one another to show him honor. Then he listened to the speaker in a dull, spiritless way. He got to comparing his poverty with the riches of those about him. The thought of loyal, self-sacrificing Marcia tortured him. How long she had been deprived of the costly viands scattered about here in profusion. He fingered his napkin nervously, almost stealth-